


Student Review

BYU's  Official Magazine

volume 2, issue 13

Provo, Utah

May 1987

Election '87

When One Man Made a Difference

by James Cromar

More and more in the political arena, the public's right to know has been used as justification for increasingly suspect tactics. Gary Hart's recent adventure with the press is the latest example of the anything-goes nature of today's campaigns. It was to be hoped that the secluded isolation of Provo would protect BYU and the annual ASBYU student-body elections from the political machinations found in other campaigns across the country. Unfortunately, this year it was not to be.

This past March, the ASBYU elections were proceeding just as they had last year, and the year before, and ever back in time. Candidates who usually wore jeans to school now came in suit and tie, while their campaign workers proudly displayed their campaign buttons as they encouraged other students to vote.

All was going as neatly as things usually do at BYU. The primary elections had resulted in the elimination of all except the two leading vote-getters for each office. Left in the running for ASBYU President and Vice-President were the teams of Paul Brockbank and Gary Riding with 38.5% of the primary election vote, and Rob Daines and Jeff Kerr with 30.5% of the vote.

The beginning of the last week of campaigning looked particularly auspicious for the Brockbank/Riding team. Their candidacy had survived the rumor that they had been disqualified from the primary elections, a rumor that resulted in their names being crossed off several ballots by the workers at the voting booths. Their commanding lead after the primaries along with their impressive credentials and highly organized campaign seemed to almost

assure victory in the general elections to be held later that week.

Yet their team was soon to face a greater challenge than any other had ever faced at BYU. Jean Taylor, Coordinator to Student Programs, said that she was not aware of anything similar ever having occurred here before. Many other long-time election observers were of the same opinion.

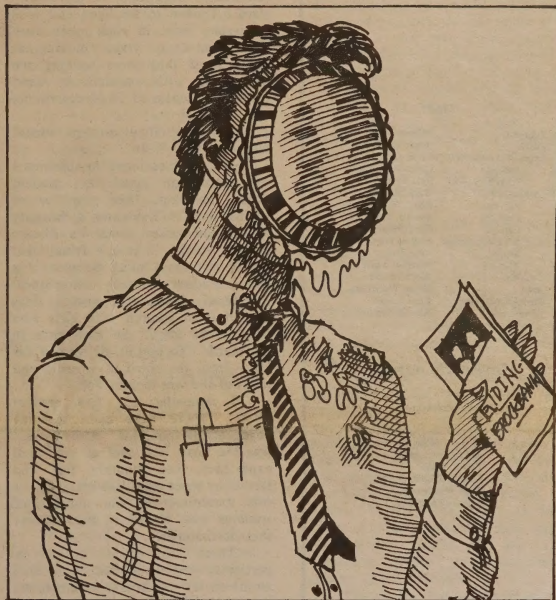
The fact that negative campaign tactics had never been extensively used before in ASBYU elections was cited as one of the reasons that two students organized a scheme to "kick the ladder out on (Vice-Presidential candidate) Gary Riding." Dave Callister and Steve Taggart had recently worked on major campaigns in Idaho and wanted to test the application of negative campaign methods that worked in the real world to the BYU student body.

The two had taken note of the upcoming ASBYU elections and decided they wanted to participate in some way. They studied the list of candidates but were unable to find a candidate they were excited to work for. On the other hand, there was one candidate they agreed they did not want to see in office.

Both Callister and Taggart were familiar with Vice-Presidential candidate Gary Riding. Besides working with ASBYU, Gary had garnered some publicity for his political views. He had been President of RESPONSE, a peace and human rights club. He had been quoted in the *Deseret News* about his participation in last year's on-campus anti-Contra demonstration. He had also signed a petition published in *The Daily Universe* that called for U.S.-Soviet arms reduction. As Taggart put it, "Gary stood out like a sore thumb" because of his "left-of-center" political views.

Callister and Taggart were committed to the perpetuation of a conservative political philosophy at BYU through the perpetuation of politically conservative leaders in ASBYU. Their perception was that Riding did not share this philosophy. For this reason, they determined to do what they could to deprive Gary Riding of the ASBYU Vice-Presidency.

They also had observed in Idaho that student-body government positions had been used as stepping stones to higher political office. By stopping Riding now they figured



Our Great Notions.and Tentative Expectations

by Janet Brigham

I've been here through the best of times and the worst of times.

Those polarities were superimposed on my sophomore year at Brigham Young University. I'd been a journalist long enough by then to attract the attention of the next editor of the *Daily Universe*, who called me at my folks' home in north Idaho just before the start of fall semester and asked me to be Associate Editor.

That was years ago, before the university exerted much control over the *Universe*. It was still more of a student paper than a university enterprise.

I hurried back to Provo and started putting in 18-hour days to get out the first fall editions. Over the next five months I put in such long hours at the *Universe* that I neglected all my classes (we didn't get class credit for working at the *Universe* then). My transcript for that semester reads like alphabet soup.

But, boy, did we crank out a newspaper. For a largely volunteer staff (those of us who were paid got a few dollars a day), we had amazing energy. Newspaper work is like that.

see Notions on page 3

May in Review

| | |
|----------------------|----|
| Religion | 2 |
| The Far Side | 2 |
| Campus Life | 4 |
| For Inquiring Minds | 6 |
| The Editorial Page | 8 |
| Arts & Entertainment | 11 |
| Top Twenty | 12 |
| Calendar | 15 |

see Elections on page 14

U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 311
Provo, UT
Bulk Rate

Student Review

volume 2, issue 13

May 1987

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving BYU's campus community. It is edited and managed by student volunteers. BYU students from all disciplines are encouraged to contribute to the Review. Opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors, Brigham Young University, or the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

If you are interested in becoming involved with Student Review, please write or telephone:

P.O. Box 7092
University Station
Provo, Utah 84602
(801) 377-2980

STAFF

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Publisher | William James Kelly |
| Editor | Roger Leishman |
| Issues & Awareness | James Cromar |
| Religion | Christine Fisher |
| Why/Why Not? | Ron Taylor |
| Campus Life | Willa Murphy |
| Projects | Karen Voss |
| Features | Brian J. Fogg |
| Fiction | Gary Burgess |
| Arts & Entertainment | Melissa Owanby |
| Music | Julie Turley |
| Theatre | Michelle Larsen |
| Calendar | Merrill Oates |
| Art | Henry Woodbury |
| Business Manager | Kent Larsen |
| Advertising | Aleahia Shallbetter |

Contributors for this week:

Janet Brigham
Joe Hales
Brian Kubarycz
G. John Mattis
Debra Swanson
David Veloz
Eugene Woodbury
Brad Woodworth
Cherie Woodworth

Student Review is available at the following locations:

Backstage 35 N. University
Crest 700 E. 800 N.
Crest 545 N. 900 E.
Harts 1429 N. 150 E.
Kinko's 835 N. 700 E.
Stevenette's 1290 N. University
Yogurt Station 44 E. 1230 N.
7-Eleven 1469 N. 150 E.
7-Eleven 520 N. 900 E.
7-Eleven 1450 N. 200 W.
Pioneer Market 470 N. 900 E.
Pie Pizzeria 1445 N. 150 E.
Double Time 1730 N. State
Alexander's 725 E. 820 N.
Central Square 175 W. 200 N.
Jim's Freeze Factory 475 W. 800 N.

La Dolce Vita 61 N. 100 E.
Mouth Trap 1271 N. 150 E.
UCCU 1900 N. 150 E.

For distribution information call

377-2980

Religion

The Community of Student Wards

by Gary Burgess

I was happy. I liked the babies and their long dreamy stares over the backs of pews, their bottles waving to the world. I liked having the sacrament passed by the deacons and the hymns with a generational mix to them. To watch parents come in, bringing saltines for their dozens in tow, or to sit through Sunday School lessons full of anecdotes from years gone by, gave me a sense of undying community with those in my family ward. I liked to see aged and wise patriarchs walk in each week with their bent-over wives, moving as nobly as if they were walking the boulevards with parasols in hand instead of canes. I liked my family ward.

But what about student wards? Where do they fit in?

When I mentioned to someone I was doing an article on student wards, he said, "Are you for or against them?" Evidently, a diversity of opinion arises when we discuss student wards. I have a friend that nearly left the Church because of a bad student ward experience, specifically because of weekly rides to and from Church with girls who only talked about the cute guys in the ward. To her, it all seemed far away from the spirit of worship and renewal she was looking for.

I remember my first student ward. There were eight or nine engagements that year. And in what was the heart and soul of our ward experience, the monthly fast and testimony meeting, I like many others was astounded by the number of students who waited in line to bear their testimonies.

There was one co-ed in particular who would take time each month to tell us about her roommate, her problems with the other girls on the floor, her weight reduction schemes, or whatever their home evening group had done the week before. Through all of this we would sit in the back and grimace to each other, wincing at this unfolding serial. We were glad we didn't have HER problems.

In time, one learns that the

Church does try to deal with problems such as hers because her problems are not very far removed from, and are just as valid as yours or mine. Like any other ward, the student ward is sometimes full to overflowing with the personal crises of its members.

It is clear though that the student ward will continue. This may all seem incredible to many outside the Church that each Sunday a few hundred students come together, approach their struggles with honesty, and try to achieve what Moroni said of the Church in his day, "And the Church did meet together oft, to fast and to pray and to speak one with another concerning the welfare of their souls" (Moroni 6:5).

I guess it will always be easy to cringe at fashion shows and whatever

with the other. While we're wrestling with our posterity to keep peace and reverence, we may think back to our student wards and all the people we knew, who by then are also back in family wards with families of their own.

We may recall all the Bishops who lost hair over us, and the other students who gave up good grades to deliver each Sunday. Then, it may become clear to us why we have student wards to begin with, and why those Bishops and students put forth such an effort. Then, back in our family ward, if an older sister takes time in testimony meeting to tell everyone about her trip to Oxnard, and the waitress that tried to serve her coffee along the way, we may pass up the opportunity to criticize and realize that her problems are very much our problems.

Last testimony meeting I particularly respected the candor in some of the testimonies shared. I thought of that co-ed mentioned above and how foolish we were in criticizing her. The temptation to criticize and renounce (as many students do, including my friend who has just about called it quits), and to try to seek salvation alone as an ascetic might do in the desert or in a monastery, is as pervasive at BYU among the student body as elsewhere.

Fortunately, heaven will be a place where we will feel the sense of "undying community" that we have been looking for in this life. That heaven to which we aspire in this life will be found through our associations with, rather than our separation from others.

This is Gary's second article for the Review. He serves as hymn-book coordinator in his BYU ward.

An older sister takes time in testimony meeting to tell everyone about her trip to Oxnard, and the waitress that tried to serve her coffee along the way.

else may seem superficial to us. One thing at least is now certain. It really isn't a simple question of whether we are for or against student wards. In addressing the more complex questions, we need to keep in mind that we cannot reach heaven alone. If we do reach heaven, it will be because we have brought many others with us.

In a few years many of us will be sitting in Church, with a baby on our knee, keeping him steady with one hand while dabbing at our lapels

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



Publisher's Note

This is the first issue of Student Review for Summer 1987. The Review will be published monthly during Spring and Summer terms, then return to our regular weekly schedule at the beginning of Fall semester.

We look forward to the continued support of the BYU community, and hope to receive your comments, articles, art, letters, and participation. The summer will give us a chance to make some changes at Student Review, and your suggestions and assistance would be welcome.

In the meantime, look for our next issue Wednesday, June 10.

5-7

Mutants on the Bounty

Notions from the front page

And what a treat it was to have (and occasionally abuse) such editorial license. Our adviser had the sense to give us a free enough hand to make our own mistakes.

And we obliged. Like the time I approved a review of the R-rated movie *Easy Rider* because I wasn't aware of a university policy against R- and X-rated movies. Oddly, the reviewer, not me, had to absorb the flak the next day. In a sarcastic retort he next reviewed the ancient Disney movie *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*.

We thought the only intrigue at the *Universe* was our interoffice romances and squabbles. Yet while we cajoled and contorted, the university was finishing its preparations to assume control of the *Universe*.

The first harbinger of doom came when our good-natured faculty adviser took a leave of absence and the university brought in a Machiavellian character to replace him. One day when he and I were discussing the fact that he wanted to change headline type styles and I didn't, he looked me square-on and said he would get his own way even if it meant doing it over my dead body.

The type styles were changed. Word was that the student editor might be fired. I was never entirely sure why, but I believed it was because he was resisting the administration takeover.

One night the editor told me that the president of the university, then Ernest Wilkinson, had assured him privately that BYU wouldn't fire him. Late that night I felt a

It wasn't that the change was a bad idea--it was just the way it was carried out.

premonition of bleakness. I woke up my roommate, who also worked for the *Universe*. She said if my sense was right, the next day might be rough.

It was. February 13th, but not a Friday. That day, I learned that the Publications Board had fired the editor and was taking control of the paper. No one from the board talked to me or others on the staff about it. The word filtered down that I could stay on if I wanted to. By then, I was second in command. The word also filtered down that I hadn't been considered for editor, since I was a woman, and no woman could be editor during the regular school year. No one explained that, either.

It felt as if something precious had been ripped unexplainably from my hands. My hundreds of hours of work seemed not only unappreciated but discounted. Also, it wasn't just the work, it was me. That's how writing is. To do it well, you put so much of yourself into it that if it is rejected, it's as if you are, too. Though the editor was the one who had been fired, my reaction was so intense that it might as well have been me.

I quit that day. I borrowed a hand cart (the symbolism was lost on me for years), loaded up the belongings I'd accumulated at the office, and wheeled it out to a friend's car.

I didn't want to quit. But I was too disillusioned to stay. The truth was, I was nearly too disillusioned to stay in the church. That semester I did a little better in school, but I struggled against a profound sense of loss and grief. I remember going to a communications class and having to leave early because I was too sad to stay. I couldn't concentrate on schoolwork and couldn't bring myself to go to church. Strangely, I don't recall anyone wondering about that, or trying to "activate" me (as if I were Red Star year). I just quit going. It hurt too much to be there.

He looked me square-on and said he would get his own way even if it meant doing it over my dead body.

I didn't go back to church much until the following fall, when the ward executive secretary called to set up a get-acquainted interview for me with a bishop named Bruce Olsen--who had been editor of the *Universe* some years earlier. I went ahead and talked with him.

It wasn't that I had been sheltered from politicking. My father has been active in environmental causes all my life. Our dinner table conversations were always about politics and underhanded government dealings. Besides that, before I ever attended BYU I worked for a daily newspaper long enough to develop the barnacles of skepticism that envelop journalists.

Even so, the incidents at the *Universe* felt different. These were MORMONS. I was a Mormon. I'd never experienced this brand of Mormonism before.

I'd learned years earlier that I needed to separate God and gospel from the church and its institutions--a distinction that may be crucial for surviving organized religion with our faith and reality testing intact. Yet I wasn't prepared for BYU. On an emotional or affective level, which is infinitely more primitive and powerful than a rational level, the distinction between institution and gospel was difficult to make. Whatever the truth of the *Universe* takeover was, it felt like an underhanded, self-serving, unsavory act. I had cared too much about the paper and about the staff to let go easily.

It wasn't even that the change was necessarily a bad idea--it was just the way it was carried out.

I was too young then to react well to it. I particularly regret one incident. A day or so after the firing, a reporter from the Associated Press called me. He was compiling an article about the administration's apparent takeover of the student newspaper and asked me to tell my version of what had happened. I said I didn't know what had happened.

Now, it was true that no one had officially told me anything--but those who know me even superficially know that I can usually muster something to say about nearly anything. I did know things that would have made his story more accurate. But I was chicken. I was afraid of reprisal from the university if I opened my mouth.

I said nothing then, but soon had plenty of opportunity to make up for my moment of dishonesty. In the midst of that semester, I was offered two jobs--one a summer internship with the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City, and other with the Associated Press. The internship passed quickly. My job with the AP involved covering the Provo region. Anytime someone in the university administration did something publicly embarrassing, I covered it. I tried hard to be professional.

I encountered occasional repercussions in the Communications Department over the next few years because of what had happened at the *Universe*.

I'd been told I could teach basic news writing once I was in a master's program. When I wasn't assigned a teaching assistantship, I went to the department chairman, a member of the Publications Board. I'd never spoken with him before. His first words to me were, "Do you still hate the university?" He didn't let me respond but instead told me about his beautiful, charming daughter who had been Miss Something at BYU, and he suggested I be more like her.

As I write this, it seems an odd twist that a few years later I worked as a writer and editor for the Church, first for the *Ensign* and then as a spokesperson in Press Relations.

More than righteousness or answers, we need to respect each other.

At the time, those jobs felt as purposive as writing about the Church had felt several years before.

Eventually I bagged that in favor of becoming a psychologist. One of the delights of psychology is that the vastness and immediacy of human emotional suffering demand that nearly nothing be too sacrosanct to be studied. So it has felt healthy for me to look at my response to the university. It's curious that mistreatment at the hands of someone other than Mormons feels more forgivable. It seems harder to handle maliciousness from one of my own people.

I suspect that we like to think that some ends justify suspending the rules of civilized behavior. It's also possible that a lot of us at BYU

don't know the rules. Maybe some of us simply have never learned that politics, policies, and polemics are no excuse for behavior that denies the dignity of others.

More than rightness or answers, we need to respect each other. Our positions, power, and importance are transient at best. If any of us, on any level, are more concerned about being right or being in charge than about how we treat each other, not only individuals suffer, but the institution falters.

The university would be a remarkably different place--and a considerably more productive place--if all involved would remember that in a cosmic sense, most of the issues that consume us are very small potatoes. They are frittering details compared to the dignity of one human being.

It doesn't matter whether BYU is better or worse than other universities in this regard. It matters at BYU because the university's core is a community of people who share a mutual identity--an identity which can be easily and horribly violated.


The same is true, to a varying extent, of any institution that incorporates a homogeneous group, whether the homogeneity comes from religious orientation or academic intensity. Violations of the trust inherent in that homogeneity feel not only vicious, but downright cannibalistic.

I have seen too many LDS as well as non-LDS friends leave here gagging on the word *Mo'mon*. This can't be resolved with policy changes alone. It takes an infusion of courage, a change within individuals who otherwise would go on year after year inflicting their insecurities on others. Facing those things we want most to hide from ourselves takes stamina--but otherwise we risk offending freely and continually justifying our offenses.

Practically, this means abandoning scholarly schlockiness, learning to value openness and discussion, and learning to disagree without being disagreeable. It involves remembering that the First Amendment is in force, not "even at BYU," but especially at BYU.

In short, it means we can never afford to suspend goodness for the sake of control.

Janet, a first-time Reviewer, lives in the real world.



kinko's
Great copies. Great people.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 East Center 377-1791 | 835 North 700 East 377-1792 |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|

Fitness for Life: An Exposé

by K. Voss

Counterpoised to everything good is Fitness for Life. One usually reserves the term or semester when zero fun is acceptable and then takes the class. I spent two academic years complaining about it and finally find myself unhappily enrolled in it.

Historically, coordinating my physical self was not something I devoted myself to. People would ask me about my fitness goals and I would say they were just to keep breathing in and out. It wasn't like I was idle or anything, just that I had devoted comparatively more time to becoming witty and charming. It just didn't mean that much to me to be able to lift a cow, or tug a party yacht while swimming, or accomplish any other feat of rigorous strength.

Anyway, who *hasn't* heard the stories about this class? Who *hasn't* decided that a concentration camp would be less degrading? This horror is real.

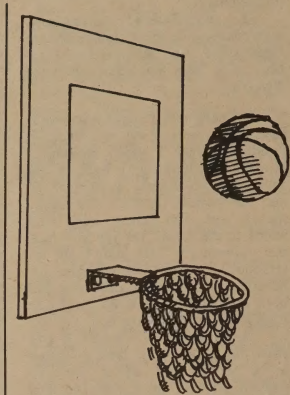
The first day of class everyone kept to themselves, brooding. There were a couple of the jaunty types already "suited up" and poised, eager to engage in physical exercise, which, in my opinion, is kind of like doing the term paper before you get the syllabus, but as you've probably noticed in life there are some people who thrive on that sort of thing.

We discussed the laws of fitness and the upcoming festivities: the fat assessment and the 1.5 mile jaunt. Once these were over, we would be equipped to design our own, personal fitness plan. They say this phrase with such verve you can't help getting caught up in the thrill of it: maybe once I have my OWN fitness plan, you muse, I will look forward to fatigue and sweat. I will be consumed with performing feats of strength to the point of lifting my friends for the fun of it, and I'll look perfect and I'll finally have the confidence to make comments in class and start my own business!

Yes, it doesn't sound that bad at the beginning.

For the percentage body fat assessment we all stood in a line. If you are clever you know that standing in line is always associated with a harrowing experience. The instructor had this tool designed to measure our fat. It looks like a giant pair of scissors that have the capacity not only to measure your fat but to extract it as well. The process is called "pinching," and the tool makes an alarming noise as it clamps in place, causing you to suspect you'll be wearing those calipers out with you. They always talk about the pinching part, but not about the letting go part. And it doesn't tickle.

That's not enough. Let's say, just for kicks, that you've somehow maintained a modicum of dignity throughout this ordeal. You are then



placed in a category. It's completely algebraic and you have no chance to explain yourself--to say, for example that you've devoted your life to noble causes. And yes, you may have a big body, but you have a big heart as well. Nevertheless, with this naive empiricism they go ahead and judge you. I'm sorry, but I don't see how anyone could feel okay about telling someone they are obese and then not assigning them some sort of safety monitor to make sure that they don't commit suicide.

Of course, you also have to prove yourself on the track! Regardless of the fact that the race is for your own personal knowledge and not to have a scaled down version of the Olympics, everyone suddenly gets all competitive. They scoot up to the line and put their hands out possessively to hoard space. The instructor yells "Go!" and everyone explodes hurly-burly down the track as if their very life depended on winning this race.

There were a couple of the jaunty types already "suited up" and poised, eager to engage in physical exercise

I found it amusing that the more fit of the bunch felt compelled, as it were, to voice little pep phrases as they lapped you. "C'mon, they'd chirp, "You can do it!" I, personally, have never wanted to murder anyone more in my life.

Helpful Hints for PE 129

by Willa Murphy

1. The caliper fat test can be the most frightening experience of your college career. You nervously take your place among the ranks of perspiring bodies clad in BYU polyester, while the instructor (easily identified by the convenient label on his shirt) is clamping students' flab with joy. He exhibits his caliper adeptness by readily translating the percentage numbers into layman's terms: "18% . . . FAT," "25% . . . OBESE." All individuality is lost as you are reduced to a sum of skin fold measurements. But there are ways to avoid the whole humiliating affair. When your turn comes, insist that you have personal access to a caliper apparatus, and that you just measured your fat percent yesterday. Or, come to class prepared--know that all measurements are taken on the right side of your body. Try pushing all your excess skin folds to the left side and just clip in place. Be creative. Experiment with family and friends.

2. If you are on the weight control program, try planning a no-calorie diet. Delight your taste buds while your body becomes fit, trim, and attractive. Some foods have little or no caloric value--cranberries, horseradish, vanilla extract, taco sauce, jam, bouillon cubes, Jello, mustard, pickles, and vinegar. Mix and match items to make tantalizing meals. Mmmmmmm.

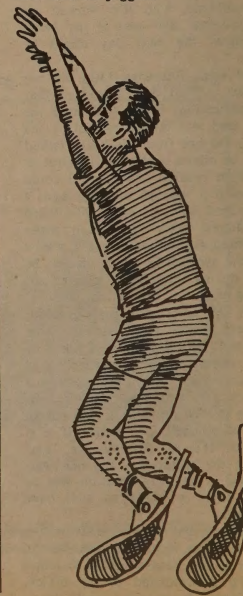
3. When making your contract for the cardiovascular endurance program, take your personality into consideration. Are you a time-conscious person who likes to get the most out of every minute? If so, you might want to exercise while engaged in other activities. Try stationary running during your classes. Just

think of the wise time budgeting--you could expend over 1000 calories while listening to an American Heritage lecture.

For those who detest jogging, try more innovative exercises--do the fox-trot and expend four calories per

...load up a 40 pound back pack and attend a folk dancing class, burning twelve calories per minute

minute; or, for more serious dancers, try the rumba at six calories per minute. If you have very little time for exercise, try combining two or more different aerobic activities to expend more calories in less time. Hiking and dancing, for instance, would make a marvelous mix--load up a forty-pound back pack and attend a folk dancing class, burning twelve calories per minute. Or, try snow-shoeing up and down a flight of stairs at 2.5 mph to expend sixteen calories every minute. Ride an exercise bike while playing a vigorous game of ping pong--seven calories per minute. Competitive badminton and square dancing is an option for expending fourteen calories per minute. The possibilities are endless--use your imagination. And while you're fox-trotting between holes on the golf course you can mock all those boorish joggers.



I kept waiting for that gush of euphoria you're supposed to feel after you exercise. It felt more like I was about to have a messy coronary. I am sure that out of the corner of my eye I saw a man in a black hooded cape holding a sickle.

But I've come a long way since then. I've exercised a great deal and am very fitness conscious. I record my heart rate everywhere I go and make sure I am ensconced in that target zone. My friends and I exchange tips about how to keep ourselves in that target zone. I just can't stop exercising. The key to this is to get all your friends to take the class with you. Comiseration always makes for a good time.

K. Voss has never done aerobics.

Adventures: Getting Away on UTA

by Brian J. Fogg

I had reached that point again. I needed to get out of Provo; I needed an adventure. This time, though, my own car just wasn't going to hit the spot. I made the fateful decision to tread upon new frontiers: riding the UTA bus was a possible solution.

At 10 am I arrived at the UTA bus stop across the street from Provo High on University Ave. At 10:08, right on schedule, the Provo/Salt Lake Express arrived.

I had ridden the bus a few times before, but I really wasn't sure what to expect—I had never taken the Express. I entered, told the friendly driver I was headed to Salt Lake, and asked him how much it would cost. He told me \$2, so I put it in the slot, and we were off. My UTA adventure was happening.

At first I was a little surprised to see that people actually do ride the bus—and they were even normal. There were students, grown-ups, old folks, couples, and even a kid or two. Despite the 15 or 20 people who journeyed with me on the Express, there was ample room and the bus was clean and comfortable.

At first I was a little surprised to see that people actually do ride the bus—and they were even normal

The bus first made its way up to the University Mall and down past UTC making occasional stops. We then headed out on I-15. At this point, I wasn't really sure where my adventure would carry me, so I studied the various route guides. I realized I had never been to the zoo in Salt Lake, and that Bus #4 would take me to its very doorstep. Onward—to Hogle Zoo.

After taking short detours to South Towne and Fashion Place Malls, the bus soon arrived in downtown Salt Lake. The total traveling time was 1 hour and 15

minutes—certainly longer than I would take in my own car (especially with my fuzzi-buster on), but considering that UTA gave me the option of reading or really enjoying the scenery and I didn't have to worry about suffering a high-speed crash, the extra time was a fair trade-off.

I exited the bus on Main Street by Crossroads Mall, shopped around a bit, and then trotted one block over to State Street to take the Fort Douglas Bus #4 on out to the zoo. Bus #4 runs often—about every 20 minutes on weekdays—so I didn't have to wait long to continue my adventure for only 50 more cents.

We went up through the avenues, past the U of U, through Fort Douglas, and arrived at Hogle Zoo. Imagine my amazement to discover the "This is the Place" monument located just across the street from the zoo. Adventures always have hidden surprises.

...indeed, the Homo sapiens there were just as interesting as any other species

Hogle Zoo (Open 363 days/year)

With my student ID I was able to enter the zoo for \$3. I felt the entry cost was a little steep, but later decided that the primate collection alone was worth the entrance fee. For some reason (darwinian, I suppose), I was most fascinated with the playful monkeys, the thoughtful chimps, the lazy gorillas, and the hairy orangutans. The mother orangutan was perhaps the most obese living thing I have seen in my life. Her year-old baby—a hairball with limbs—was a complete comic.

After seeing the primates, I found a good assortment of the rest of the animal kingdom. If you're into animals, you could spend a good day here. If you're not so hip on seeing caged wildlife, it's still worth a visit just to see the other spectators; indeed, the Homo sapiens there were just as interesting as any other species.

"This is the Place" Monument and Park

I galloped across the road and beheld the state park recognizing the entrance of Brigham Young's group into Salt Lake Valley. (Remember this too is accessible from Provo by taking two simple UTA bus rides.) Here at the park I found a large monument depicting Brigham looking into the valley. There were plaques around explaining some of the more historic features of the area and in the visitors' center I attended a short taped presentation of the Mormon pioneers' trek.

Yes, there I was exploring Utah history. I looked out over the valley from that spot and tried to imagine all the cars, roads, buildings, and pollution erased.

I then headed up the hill a little and found a re-created pioneer village called "Old Deseret." I especially enjoyed the volunteers working there—ever friendly and talkative—dressed in the garb of the early Mormon settlers.

To add to the ambiance of Old Deseret, a live fiddle and banjo combo played nearby and again I attempted to put myself back over one hundred years. I almost made it, too, until I saw a 20th century sprinkler watering the garden at one of the houses. This whisked me back to the age of Contra scandals and potential nuclear annihilation; I then realized that I must be getting back to Provo.

I again caught bus #4 returning to the city center. From there I took the Express back to where I began, safe and sound with one more journey under my belt.

My adventure was just one of many awaiting the local traveler who is willing to get away from the oppressive "Y" on the mountain. So next time, even if you have a car, why not take the UTA? It's easy, it's fun, it's clean, it's cheap, and, most importantly, it's so special. I suppose that going UTA is the next best thing to hitch-hiking, and it may even be better.

Brian has bused on four continents.

7 ways to spend \$2.00 in Provo

1. One bag of peatmoss at Fred Meyers.
2. Testing center late fee.
3. 1/2 a movie ticket
4. Round trip bus fare to Mesquite.
5. One minute phone call to Istanbul.
6. One bite of cheap caviar.

7. Weekend covercharge at

Backstage Cafe.

(Listen to Live Jazz, play an unhurried game of backgammon, drink an ambrosia and relax.)



7:17 to 3:02

Provo Town Square

373-Cafe

DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER

Avoid the last minute rush to have your car serviced for that summer vacation! Call us now for an appointment.

**IMPORT
AUTO
CENTER**

800 S. University
374-8881



Foreign Cars... our specialty not a sideline

For Inquiring Minds

DOG-NAPPERS' DEMANDS REVEALED

Reliable sources report that the Universe has received a ransom note from the kidnappers of Sir Isaac Newton, the Holland family dog. The canine's captors, whose identities remain unknown, made the following demands: 1) the Y be removed from Y Mountain; 2) the debate team receive funding; 3) the volleyball team be NCAA sanctioned; and 4) men be permitted to attend classes without wearing socks. If these demands are not met, the kidnappers threatened Sir Isaac with neuterization.

The condition of the recently recovered Sir Isaac is unknown.

VANITY IS "IN" AT BYU

Students of the J. Reuben Clark Law School recently began lobbying the Utah State Legislature for eight character license plates. Their aim, license plates that are long enough for BYU-style vanity plates. These vanity plates display University building abbreviations and room numbers of favorite 'Y' hangouts or personal offices. The law students argue that seven digits aren't enough for some of the better locations (e.g., 4 digit JKHB and SFLC rooms, as well as "true" ELWC and JRCB numbers with a space between the number and abbreviation). They point to California as a state "in-touch" with the trends with its eight and nine character vanity plates.

Bif Headrest, head of the lobby, adds that "Although D-346 ASB isn't quite as eye-catching as LEMON or RAMBO-1, among true blue Cougar trends it's sure to signify President Holland's white Mustang." While

seven-character plates keep some of the best plates out of Utah's grasp, the current limitations haven't stopped everyone. Our IM reporters have spotted these plates on campus: 187 ELWC, 446A ELWC, 380SWKT, 221 ELWC, CRT MC, and AUD JSB (the longer ones are out-of-state). And the trend appears to be growing. Who knows, 60 SFH may soon be more popular than BYU 1.

MS HEADROOM MAKES DEBUT AT BYU

ASBYU announced earlier this week that the success of Dale E. Universe, the talking news computer, has given the administration the needed incentive to install a similar system in the ASBYU offices. The "female" talking computer, dubbed Minnie (Min for short) Headroom, will give information about upcoming ASBYU-sponsored events.

An ASBYU representative is quoted as saying, "We think the movers and shakers at BYU will be able to identify with Min's personality and intellect. She may be short on brains, but she's got a lot of makeup." He goes on to add, "Because of the overnight success of Max, we're optimistic about the future of Min and think she'll be an overnight success. It's not too premature to suggest she may take over as the voice for telephone registration." Sources suggest within a year there may even be a video link to Min which will be available in the ELWC stepdown lounge.

Minnie is produced by the makers of Max Headroom and generated by the same process of brain-to-computer mapping. The identity of Minnie's true ego, a former BYU Homecoming queen and Miss America, will be kept secret.

Get Involved!

Student Review

needs people like you if you . . .

**Draw, write, sell,
party well, can
keep other people
awake, know how
to wax galleys, own
a green-visored cap,**

**or
have ever pretended
to do any of these
things**

**An informational meeting will be
held this Thursday, May 21, 7:00 pm
Roman Gardens apartment 216.
(1050 E. 450 N. near Pioneer Mkt.)**

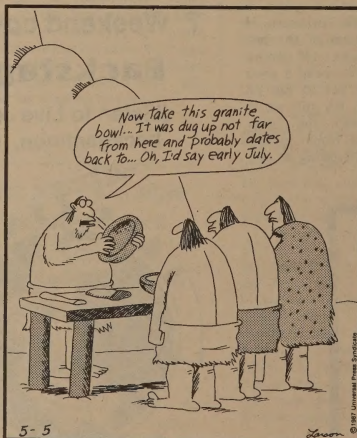
**If you can't make it, call for info:
377-2980**

THE FAR SIDE

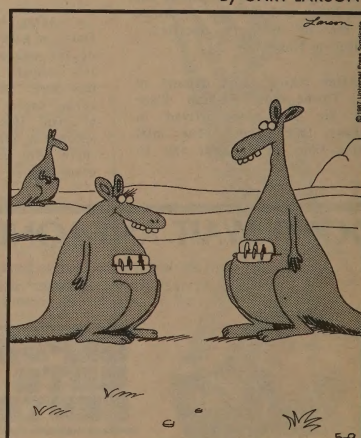
Mother Teresa's Address

All those who are plagued by a surplus of money may put it to good use by sending it to Mother Teresa, Missionaries of Charity, 54 A Lower Circular Road, Calcutta, India. From those of us who are broke, perhaps a note of encouragement would be adequate.

Mother Teresa
Missionaries of Charity
54 A Lower Circular Road
Calcutta, India



Early archaeologists



Kangaroo nerds

Prank of the Month

The library. We all revere it as the source of infinite knowledge and entertainment; boredom is an utter impossibility there.

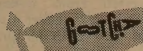
But some students have begun to worry. "What happens once we've finished reading all of the books? How then will we amuse myself? What forms of fun and frolic will the library hold for us?" These are serious questions, but *Student Review* has the answer. Library fun need not involve the pursuit of knowledge at all.

The game is called "Book Planting." Its most elementary form is planting library books on friends and loved ones so that they trigger the alarm system as they leave the building, causing great embarrassment to the victim and general excitement throughout the third floor.

When the novelty of this prank wears off, you may move on to more devious variations. This means the actual removal of the alarm strip from a book to attach it to your victim. If you happen to have the proper supplies at hand, you may wish to sew the strip into your victim's clothing. Coat linings are recommended for this purpose, but any location is possible. Let your creativity run wild. Another option, for example, is slipping the strip, tightly rolled, into someone's favorite ballpoint pen. Having thus secured the strip on your victim, you can sit back and watch the revelry.

Elaine Aamodt

WOODY'S



OF CALIFORNIA
Classic Casuals & Beach Wear

- *Code Bleu
- *Jimmy Z
- *Swatch
- *Gotcha
- *Quicksilver

- *Club Sportswear
- *Ton Sur Ton
- *Heet Sportswear
- *Local motion
- *Motto Red Dot

25 N. Univ.

377-6717

Located on University Ave. and Center St. at
Pratt Town Square in the court next to J.M.R.

Free WOODY'S Tee Shirt
with every purchase over \$50
while supplies last.

"Nothing's
quite as
romantic
as a
jacuzzi
in the
moonlight."



the PIZZA BEAST



Open Mon.-Thurs.
3 p.m. to Midnight
Fri. & Sat.
11 a.m.-2 a.m.

377-9600

936 E. 450 N.
(Across from the Palace)

Student Special

1 Large Pizza
w/everything

\$5.99

\$1.00 Delivery (limited delivery area)
expires May 1987

Super Special

2 Liters of Drink Free

if you pick up
4 Large Pizzas
w/everything
12 items!

\$19.99

expires May 1987

FREE

Garlic Bread

With Every Regular Pizza Order
\$1.50 Regular Nachos
\$1.15 Garlic Bread

*Offer not valid
with any coupon specials

1 Liter of Drink
Free

if you pick up
2 large pizzas
w/everything

\$9.96

\$1.00 delivery limited area
expires May 1987

Monster Special

2 Large pizzas
w/everything

2 Liters of pop
\$11.96

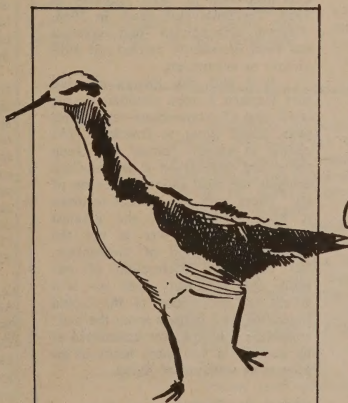
\$1.00 delivery limited area
expires May 1987

Number of the Month

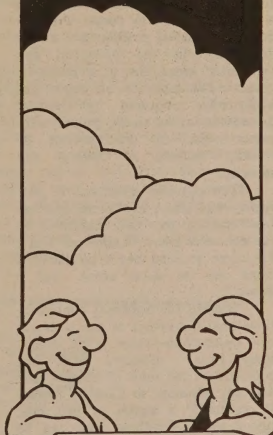
BIRD HOTLINE

Birdline: 1-530-1299

The crucial chore of finding rare birds in Utah is simplified by the Birdline recording. The latest sightings of noteworthy birds are revealed and info about upcoming birdwatching trips is provided.



A HURRYING WILSON'S
PHALAROPE



606 West 1720 North
Phone 374-2700

Not Peace but a Sword

by Eugene Woodbury

Words, Orwell makes clear in 1984, are the last good hope of a free people. When words are redefined and improperly used, lies are created and lives are destroyed. "Peace" is one such word. Sealed in a vacuum, divorced from principle, it has become a semantic wasteland, surrounded by lies such as "constructive engagement" (with right-wing governments) and "detente" (with left-wing governments). In succinct terms, it is not possible for the United States to have "peace" with any government as inalterably opposed to human rights as the Soviet Union or South Africa. Tranquility, perhaps. But a state of tranquility is not a state of peace, nor will it ever be.

The choice of terminology by such regimes, however, is painfully obvious: because talking about "peace" in the east induces massive aphasia and amnesia in the west. The word is mentioned, and an entire concept of sin vanishes. All of a sudden, Afghanistan, its one million casualties, its brutal war of attrition, has disappeared, along with the gulags, the Helsinki accords, the dissidents, the Jews. The Soviet Union, a blatant and purposeful abuser of language, has proposed to heal the hurt slightly, saying "peace," when there is no peace.

The best of all possible worlds, we should remember, is not a padded cell. In a technological, push-button world it is easy to forget that the defense of moral position has always demanded, in the biological and Darwinian sense, the most irrational costs. The practice of peace has historically required a radical disruption in the status quo of self-preservation, an abandonment of worldly notions of safety and security.

The supreme statement of this reality was made by Christ, and has been carried out with exactness in the centuries since: "Think not that I am come to send peace on Earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Despite the apparent contradiction—that the price of peace should sow destruction—there is no dichotomy here. Clearly, what was promised to the souls of humble men was not promised to Caesar's. Peace is essentially a matter of principle, not a social condition that can be dictated by decree or established by treaty. And matters of principle are inherently untroubled, necessarily cause unrest.

Democracy in Athenian Greece, like Christianity in Rome 1000 years later, was hardly conducive to social stability. For this reason the leaders of efficient totalitarian regimes can always guarantee (and will always boast of providing) tranquility at home (though rarely abroad). For this reason Martin Luther King wrote from the Birmingham Jail, "I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negroes' greatest

stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is...the white moderate who...prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice."

The example of principled dedication to peace found in Alma 24 epitomizes the cost of real peace. We are apt to quote the covenant—"let us stain our swords no more with the blood of our brethren"—and less apt to remember the gory consequences. This was not "Finlandization," determined by negotiated treaty, not "peace in our time," clung to at the brink of war, but a unilateral dedication to an ideal sealed in blood. The essence of peace is the determination to cling to principle despite the materialistic costs; the essence of absolute peace is the sparing of life at the expense of one's own, not a wishy-washy pacifism-cum-political isolationism that claims to stand against battle with the Soviet Union or war "on behalf of the oil companies," but condescends to a willingness to shed blood "if we were really attacked."

I cannot say at this point in my life at what level the line should be drawn, only that it should. The argument against war is too often mingled with fond looks back upon Sodom--what we might lose too often takes precedence over that which we have already lost.

Peace, as promoted by those who have held close to its precepts, insists that everything that is truly important is worth dying for. Tranquility, as preached by those who know nothing of peace, is defined in the belief that "nothing is worth dying for." But it has been in times and places where Damocles' weapon has not hung by a thread over the heads of the engaged powers--Manchuria in 1931, Poland and Czechoslovakia in 1939, Hungary in 1954, Czechoslovakia again in 1968, Vietnam, Afghanistan--that aggression has been incessantly carried out until victory or exhaustion.

It is with this history in mind that Western Europe shudders as the latest spate of intermediate-range arms talks draws closer to fruition. The choice to eschew "peace" and keep the sword unsheathed is in the final analysis the most rational decision of all. Those with the courage to make it have realized that the greatest threat of nuclear war is not the physical destruction of civilization, but the moral destruction of our souls--the possibility that we will accept the proposition of the Grand Inquisitor, and bargain away the most ennobling concepts ever committed to by man for a few more hours of an acceptable standard of living.

Eugene has been in at the Y for a long time.

This article was honored in the recent Peace Symposium writing contest.

The Media Vs. Hart

The Greater Sin?

by Greg J. Matis

Much to an embattled Ronald Reagan's relief, the news last week was diverted from Intranscam and Contradecption to cover a scandal in the ranks of the 1988 presidential hopefuls. Almost overnight, Gary Hart became two four letter words. In response, the disappointed Hart pointed to the press as irresponsible and sensationalistic.

Meanwhile the rest of us wonder who is dirtier: a United States Senator aspiring to become our president who sleeps around and thinks he can hide it from us, or the snoopers who stoop to hiding in the bushes for days to document the sordid details.

Some would say that American media is founded on the same kind of economic principles that American business is: much as Acme corporation produces widgets because people buy them, the news only reflects what the people want to hear. And, indeed, America always has been preoccupied with the lives of its public figures. In this case, what the press found with Hart was doubly newsworthy because it dealt with another American fascination: sex.

...this means that anyone would have succumbed similarly to his hormones if placed in such a position

But the coverage of Mr. Hart's adventurism goes beyond supply and demand, and the whole affair (excuse the double meaning) presents some perplexing problems. It should lead us to examine ourselves and ask some hard questions about politics, our national morality, and representative democracy.

It is tempting to chalk Hart's transgressions up to the corrupting influence of power. Many commentaries on the realities of Capitol Hill tell us that members of Congress all too frequently *have it all*. For Hart, extramarital involvement with a seductive actress and various other mistresses was the byproduct of the power his political position provided. (That prose is reminiscent of Peter Piper.)

But this means that anyone would have succumbed similarly to his hormones if placed in such a position. Why then make a stink about it when Gary Hart does what could be expected? If we attribute Hart's gymnastics to political power we remove any personal accountability.

Another question arises. Why the big fuss if the Senator's extramarital relationships aren't atypical?

His behavior isn't unusual for the Hill, and the case could be made that it isn't very out of the ordinary in America today. Surprisingly a large percentage of Americans, male and female, admit to having had extramarital relationships. Furthermore, such relationships are in nearly every soap (especially the prime time ones), are pervasive at the movies and in pop lyrics, and much of the time are condoned and even idealized.

Americans seem to be promulgating a double standard.

Why then is it scandalous for Gary Hart to be the kind of American that is described on television, in the movies, and on the radio?

And another thing. Do you hear anyone calling what he did adultery? Even the most accusative of accounts have shied away from the term. After all, it's so value-laden. So far in this article I, too, have intentionally used other labels, the most euphemistic of which is "extramarital relationship." Is it very surprising that a good deal of Americans admit to doing something so sterile sounding? What if we asked Americans how many of them were adulterers? Or how many of them cheated on their spouses and violated their marriage vows?

Americans seem to be promulgating a double standard. Under a democratic republic, our national legislators and executives should represent us. After all, isn't that what Gary Hart was doing?

Don't get me wrong. It is fairly apparent that he was asking for it. Any candidate for the American presidency should have the common sense to avoid such situations, and Hart seemed to be seeking them. His multiple invitations to the press suggesting they follow him around and see what they could find display a severe lack of judgment from a man who was going to go for a cruise with a young model on a yacht named Monkey Business.

That's the kind of judgment which would lead an administration to sell millions of dollars of arms to an avowed enemy and then illegally siphon the profits to barbaric insurgents in Central America without ever notifying Congress.

And so, in the usual everyday way, one story replaced another on the front page. It's hard to say which one was worse. One thing is for sure: they both made for great news.

Greg, a recent BYU grad, wears loud shorts.

Religion's Scientific Paranoia

by Brad and Cherie Woodworth

Many BYU students have difficulties in dealing with science. Over the past two and a half years we have each had experience working as teaching assistants for science classes. It seems to us that too many students have come to the university with ingrained hostility toward science in general. They perceive science as threatening to an LDS worldview and try to unnaturally combine the two. If scientists would just believe in God, so the thinking goes, they would see the universe as it really is.

The problem with this attitude lies in the fact that the Gospel and science have vastly differing epistemologies (methods for finding truth). As a result of these conflicting epistemologies, the conclusions of Mormon beliefs are antithetical to revelation as a source for a "higher truth" than that of science. This revelation is not subject to empirical investigation.

Science, on the other hand, relies on the collection and analysis of objective data, and experiments must be repeatable. Science includes no supernatural experiences, nor can it, for they cannot be analyzed and repeated at will. Consequently, there is no place for God in science's universe, not because scientists lack faith or belief, but simply because God's manifestations cannot be verified by the tools of science.

The worldview held by modern science is threatening to Mormons for it explains the origin of man and the earth without mentioning God or a higher purpose; teleological arguments have no place in modern science.

Many BYU students believe that scientists should simply open their hearts to the higher truths of the Gospel and thus discover the way the universe "really is." This is both unrealistic and naive. As we have tried to explain, one cannot expect to mix the conclusions of modern science and the Gospel, taking a bit from here and a pinch from there. There are irreconcilable differences between the them and no cosmetic patchwork of the two can last.

But too many students never come close to realizing this because they resist learning some of the most basic theories that are essential to the worldview of Western culture. Ignorance is protection. In particular, we have in mind the question of the origin of man. Only twelve to fifteen percent of beginning Biology 100 students say they accept the theory of organic evolution, and seventeen to twenty-two percent specifically cite religious conflict as the principle reason for rejecting it. (These data are taken from student responses to questionnaires and personal essays on evolution from 1985-1987 and represent over 2000 respondents.)

But of the many who do not believe in evolution, very few know much about it--what data it is based on or what the theory actually entails (again drawing from their responses in personal essays and class discussions). Instead, they recite

catch phrases ("man from ape," "primordial slime," "big bang") and push the panic button. They react defensively to a phantom attack. The frightening thing is how vigorously students defend their opinion on an issue they know so little about.

There are two basic problems in defending such ignorance. First, as was mentioned before, organic evolution is part of the general pool of knowledge of Western civilization. Not knowing the facts means not being able to relate to non-LDS members of Western culture, who are still clearly in the majority.

Second, rejecting evolution outright leaves the student with an unbearable dilemma. Even without study, everyone has heard of dinosaurs and fossils. How can these be explained? If they do not indicate what scientists say they do (the existence of other creatures long before any evidence of man) they must be explained some other way. Either God placed them here to test men, or Satan placed them here to deceive.

Either explanation is unacceptable when taken to its natural conclusion. If we cannot believe what we see in the rocks, there is no reason to believe that any of our other observations are reliable. Anything that we see, hear, or otherwise experience might also be a test or deception.

Lastly, the schizophrenic student resorts to saying that evolution is "only a theory," rejecting science in this context while accepting it without question in other areas. For example, few would say that the earth does not go around the sun. But this is also a theory and has been proven no more than the "theory" of organic evolution.

After learning more about evolution in Biology 100, taught by a professor who repeatedly tells them he does believe in God, many BYU students change their views. Although 14% still reject evolution completely, 32% accept evolution as a true principle.

The majority of the students are caught somewhere in half-belief; 55% say evolution might apply to some limited circumstances but cannot be a general principle. Most still do not understand the basic differences between science and religion and that the two epistemologies cannot be mixed. Sixty-three percent of these same Biology 100 students think that creationism and evolution should be given equal time in biology classes in the public schools.

Of course, not all students at BYU are so insecure or naive that they feel they must sacrifice either science or religion at the expense of the other. A university education should help a student honestly and fairly deal with many ideas, even when those ideas contradict each other.

The Woodworths met in a combined biology/Pearl of Great Price lab.

Missions and the Church

A View from the Outside

by William James Kelly

Last Wednesday night's PBS presentation of "Mormons: Missionaries to the World" was an interesting exploration into the problems of the LDS Church's missionary program. Unfortunately, PBS director Bobbie Berleffi also tried to present her documentary as an overview of the Church as a whole. In this endeavor she miserably fails.

In reacting to programs such as this film, the temptation for members of the Church is to either become extremely defensive at what we see, or to look down our noses at the production, shrugging it off as incompetent and non-professional.

We can't deny that our society is such that those who do not serve missions, or those who come home early are the outcasts, at least for a time

parents or because their girlfriend refused to marry someone who had not served a mission. We can't deny that our society is such that those who do not serve missions, or those who come home early are the outcasts, at least for a time.

It may also be true that we as a Church and a culture are unfortunately incapable of self-examination. The real danger of this is that by glossing over the difficulties a few of our missionaries have, we also give up any opportunity to help them. Ninety-eight percent is great, but 99% is better, and 100% should be our goal.

If taken in the proper perspective this documentary should help especially those contemplating missionary service realize that it's not all peaches and cream. If this happens then something good will have been done. I'm eternally grateful for those who had the courage to tell me face to face that the struggles and difficulties on a mission are great. I'm also grateful that I went. I did experience the difficulties and grew from them. I also experienced blessings and wonderful things beyond written description.

This is my point of contention. From the title of the production to the narration to the visual images that were presented, this documentary was not trying to explore the problems that a few have. It attempted to give us a big picture of the Church and its culture as a whole. And as such it failed.

We were not permitted to see and hear from those like myself who had tremendous, if trying experiences as missionaries. The inclusion of "expert insights" of a strange member of the Church didn't help at all.

It is naive to think that an entire culture, with its century and a half of rich history and its worldwide diversity could be presented in an hour-long presentation. It was unfortunate that the attempt was even made.

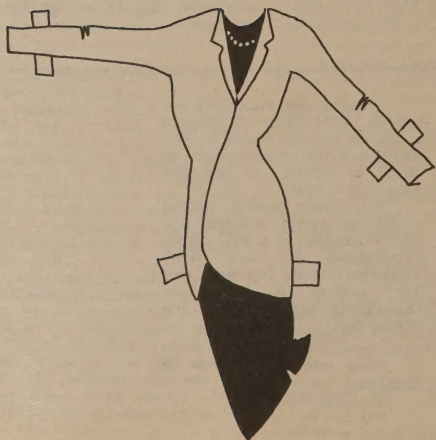
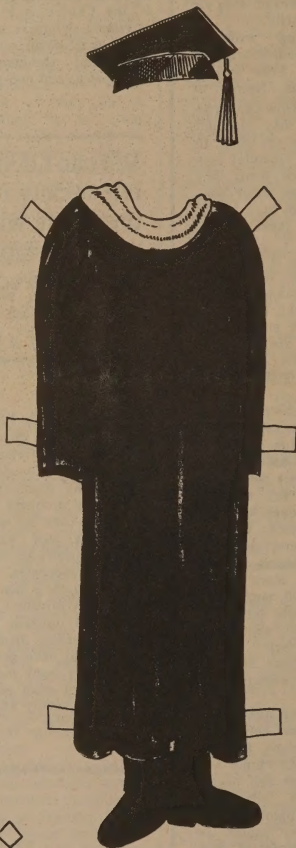
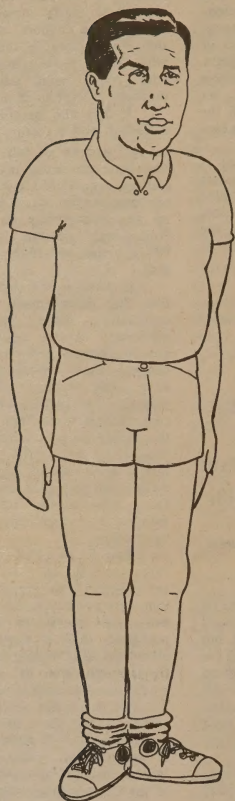
Student Review announces a new column, "SOLUTIONS." We will print a question and ask readers to offer well-thought out solutions. Solutions should be between one and three paragraphs in length.

This issue's question revolves around the recent problems with negative campaigning at BYU and the circumstances of Gary Hart's withdrawal from the Presidential race. The question is "Ethics in Campaigning--how to promote it, how to regulate it."

Please send your solutions by June 1 to:
SOLUTIONS
P.O. Box 7092
University Station
Provo, UT 84602

Limited Edition

Pat & Jeff Cut-out Paper Dolls



look for next month's addition to the wardrobe

Opera Review: *Carmen*

by Debra Swanson

Georges Bizet's *Carmen* is one of the most dramatic, understandable, and enjoyable of all operas. It has often been called "the perfect opera," containing, among other things, two love triangles and a stabbing death at the end. Opera West's May 9th production lived up to what *Carmen* should be, providing an enjoyable musical and theatrical experience for the beginning opera-goer as well as the more seasoned fan.

The pace was good and well controlled, slowing appropriately for dramatic moments but never dragging. For the most part, the orchestra and chorus performed well together, but occasionally the singers were overpowered. This was most noticeable during the cigarette girls' song in Act One, and in the fortune-telling duet in Act Three.

Act Two, "the Tavern scene," was especially outstanding, with the slight exception of the smugglers' quintet. It is one of the most demanding pieces in all of opera, and unfortunately the words were lost completely.

As *Carmen*, Donna Wellman appropriately took complete control of the stage when she was on. Her sensuous mezzo voice deftly handled all of *Carmen*'s difficult arias. Her confident stage presence and absolute enjoyment of the role compensated completely for any weaknesses there may have been in her singing.

James Murphy, as Don José, wasn't as passionate as some portrayals I have seen. His performance was restrained, yet very tender. He was rather stiff during the first two acts, though he did an absolutely beautiful rendition of the love aria to *Carmen* in Act Two. By Act Four he had loosened up, and not only sang beautifully, but convincingly portrayed the man driven to murder by an obsessive love.

As the sweet innocent Micaela, Debbie Mitchell was simply stunning. Her clear, strong soprano voice and excellent stage presence combined for a wonderful performance. The prayer aria in Act Three was riveting.



Michael Wadsworth's portrayal of Escamillo the toreador was one of the best I've ever seen. Like *Carmen*, he took total control of the stage when he was on—sensuously, gracefully, and confidently. His expression and beautiful, strong (but never forced) almost hypnotic bass voice reached clear into the back row and balcony. It was a most memorable performance indeed.

The relationships between all the characters were well-played and believable. The minor roles and chorus bits were as animated and well-portrayed as the leads, and everyone down to and including the children's chorus looked to be having a wonderful time.

Technically, the opera was equally outstanding. The sets, with the use of background scenic projections, looked great. The costumes, except for *Carmen*'s back-laced leotard in Act One looked marvelous. The lighting design was especially nice. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Ralph G. Laycock, was consistently good.

The English translation of the French was a good one, even though I prefer to hear an opera in the language it was originally written.

The spoken dialogue was especially nice and a refreshing break between arias, but the singers did not speak their lines as carefully as they sang them.

Opera West has consistently turned out excellent shows, proving that a small local company can provide productions that are artistically sound and still accessible to everyone. Saturday night's production of *Carmen*—one of the truly grand operas—was no exception.

Debbi is our southern Idaho correspondent for the summer.

Movie Review *Raising Arizona*

by David Veloz

Written, directed, and produced by Ethan and Joel Coen, the same brother team who developed the thriller *Blood Simple* in 1985, *Raising Arizona* stars Nicholas Cage (*Birdy* and *Peggy Sue Got Married*) and Holly Hunter as Hi and Ed (respectively), a childless couple who will go to great lengths to get a baby. I won't give away more of the plot because it's pretty much a one joke story. That isn't a complaint though, because it isn't the plot but the tone or voice of the film that carries it.

Raising Arizona is a very funny film. I haven't laughed so hard since *Ghostbusters* or *Buckaroo Bonzai*, but the comedy here isn't the same; it's not outrageously silly and satiric. Nor is it funny like Woody Allen's *Radio Days* is funny: the tender and intelligent sending up of a nostalgic world. *Raising Arizona* is funny in a ridiculously serious way, in a way that takes human dilemmas and problems and then explodes them in our faces until we have to laugh. That's why a lot of people don't like this film, and why I think it's one of the best of the year.

It's not reality. It's bigger than that. The voice of the film, not the plot, becomes the star.

This film is slapstick comedy that is about something, that deals with the reality of today: the reality of an infertile, economically desperate, and morally infantile world. The title can be read either as "raising the baby whose last name is Arizona," or as "raising the world we live in," as "growing up." In this context, the final line of the film—when Hi is dreaming of a land where fathers and mothers and children are all happy—wasn't (yuk) a testimony of the Church, but a reflection on the nature of dreams themselves: a realization of our own refusal to face reality.

Don't get me wrong. *Raising Arizona* isn't a somber film; it's a riot. What else would you call a film that has a chase scene involving a pack of dogs, a kid with a forty-five magnum, a baby, a bunch of cop cars, and a box of Huggies? But it's funny because it magnifies some of the most serious problems that we go through. It's not reality. It's bigger than that. The voice of the film, not the plot, becomes the star. It is a voice of wonder, of ignorance, of desire, and of failure. And that's real. Definitely see this film at the Fox before it goes away.

Dave still hates rock and roll.

Record Review

The Cult's *Electric*

by Julie Turley

Music for your Harley. Four pale gaunt boys from Manchester, England rock harder, dirtier and more American than Steppenwolf ever did.

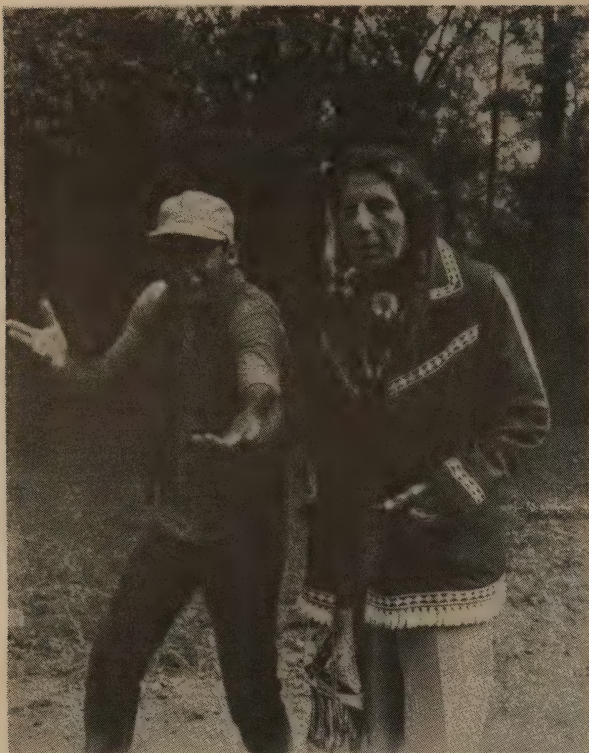
The Cult's third release takes a giant step up from the hippy drippy neo-psychedelic sound of their last album *Love*. And although the dynamics are restricted on *Electric*, the new slamming rhythms and stripped and bared instrumentals make this record my early choice for album of the summer.

A weak point is the lyrics. Pseudo-intellectual gibberish like "zany antics of a beat generation / in their wild search for kicks" seems contrived in this context. They are at their best lyrically at merely a superficial level: "Yesterday you blew my mind, oh yeah." Or at Sergeant Peppery word play like "Plastic fantastic lobster telephone" from "Aphrodisiac Jacket." My advice: Don't trouble yourself figuring out the words.

Despite this, lead singer Ian Astbury's rich, full voice has a new raw grit, soaring and fusing with music injected with fangs and coming on like a hammer. These guys have their Marshalls up to "eleven," and play like they'll die if they stop, with frantic, frenzied guitar solos and drums like thunder.

The Cult's *Electric* is energy unleashed. When I listen I feel flesh, sweat, and blood on hot pavement—and I like it.

Heeey, Vern!



Jim Varney is the man behind the familiar rubber-faced character Ernest P. Worrell, who drives his long-suffering neighbor Vern crazy in the now well-known television ads. In his new movie, *Ernest Goes to Camp*, opening May 22 at the SCERA Show House in Orem, Varney plays a summer camp counselor for a group of juvenile delinquents from a state institution. If you're a die-hard Ernest fan, or just in the mood for zaniness, you may want to check out this silly summer film.

Restaurant Review *El Burrito*

By Paco Guajardo

For those of us who eat out often, the discovery of a new, good restaurant can make the middle of May seem like Christmas. My latest discovery is El Burrito, a small Mexican restaurant located on 1455 South State in Provo. From its outward appearance, El Burrito can be easily disregarded; but if you give it a chance, you're in for a treat.

Owned and managed by Alejandro (Alex) Flores and his wife, El Burrito offers warm and excellent service. The decor and atmosphere inside is typical--sarapes on the wall, Julio Iglesias music, and wrought iron works (sorry, no black velvet Elvis paintings). It is very clean and the

food is delicious. The menu features the standard Mexican dishes, but with a home-made, authentic taste.

There are specific touches that make El Burrito unique. For example, along with the traditional chips and salsa comes an exquisite cheese sauce that is bound to make your chips disappear quickly, and fill you up if you don't practice self-restraint. Another specialty is the Nachos Supreme (\$4.75): corn chips covered with melted cheddar cheese, guacamole, sour cream, and tomatoes. Another favorite is the Burrito Chile Verde (\$5.25) which consists of pork chile verde and beans rolled in a flour tortilla and smothered with melted cheese and sauce. It is served with guacamole, beans, and rice. The Chicken Quesadilla (\$3.95) is another frequently ordered dish. If you are on a tight budget, most of the a la carte items can be purchased for under \$2.50. For dessert I recommend the Mexican Flan (\$1.65) which is a sort of vanilla pudding that is baked and served with whipped cream.

Top Twenty

1. U2's "The Joshua Tree"
2. River rafting
3. "Raising Arizona"
4. Howard Jones at ParkWest
5. The Book of John
6. The new serious Viet Nam movies
7. Light spring class loads
8. La Dolce Vita's student size pizzas
9. Oingo Boingo
10. Steady dating
11. "The Medal of Honor Rag"
12. Linda Ellerbee
13. Hart's early withdrawal
14. Late sunsets
15. Private bedrooms (if single)
16. Reading trashy novels by the pool
17. "Stone Love"--Kool and the Gang
18. Drive-in theaters
19. The revelations of the Iran-Contra hearings
20. Driving through southern Utah

Bottom Ten

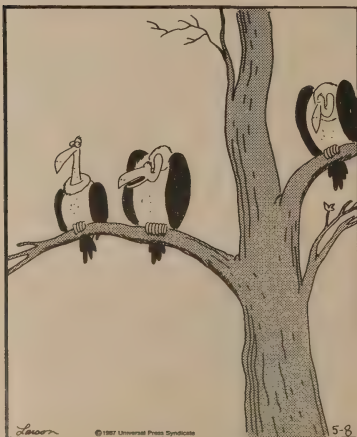
(in alphabetical order)

Adultery, BYU's sock rule, Chicago (the group), the \$40 million price tag on "Ishtar", more condos in Provo, rained-on picnics, "20/20", Utah roads, Utah drivers, the whole Iran-Contra mess.

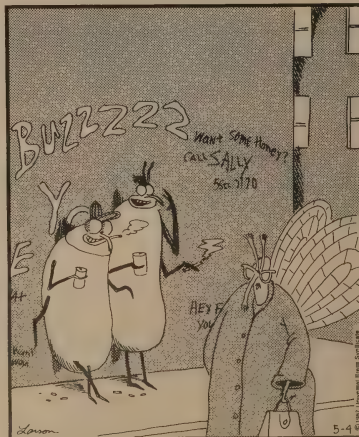
Editor's note:
Letters and articles
are always welcome.
We publish some of them.
P.O. Box 7092

THE FAR SIDE

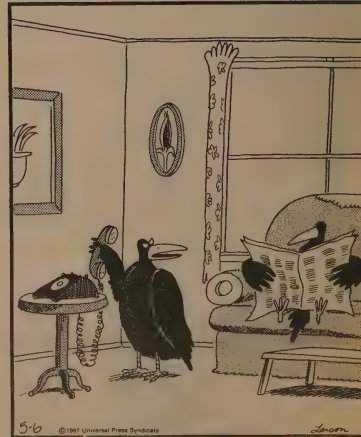
By GARY LARSON



"Douglas! ... Your shoulders aren't hunched!"



Killer bees are generally described as starting out as larvae delinquents.



"Louis ... phonecow."

Theatre Review

Preposterous Parley P!

by Michelle Larsen

Friday evening I had the opportunity to attend a live theatre production in Provo that was not produced by BYU or one of the local high schools. In addition to that the entire production was a monologue that gave a very personal view of

This play renewed my hope for coherent means of communicating Mormon historical and doctrine-based themes in the arts...

one of the well known figures of early Mormon history. The production I attended was *Preposterous Parley P!* at Provo's Theatre in the Square.

Charles Thomas Duncan, a graduate of the BYU Department of Theatre, is playwright, director, and the only actor for the entire production. As the name implies, the production is about Parley P. Pratt, an early convert to the church and a very successful missionary. Duncan sets *Preposterous Parley P!* in a jailhouse as Pratt has been imprisoned on false charges for the 38th and final time. The production lasts an hour and a quarter and consists of the character Parley P. Pratt conversing with a jailmate not seen by the audience.

I am by no means an expert on the life of Pratt and the only

experience I had to bias my expectations of the production was a gray recollection of some rather amusing stories about Pratt that I heard in Primary. In a way I half expected *Preposterous Parley P!* to be a larger collection of such adventures but I am glad that was not the major thrust of the script.

As the program reads, "ten years of research have gone into the writing of Thom Duncan's script. Ninety-nine percent of the performance is in Pratt's own words." Given the adventures Pratt was a part of in his numerous missions for the church and the volumes of material that Duncan must have gone through, I am fascinated with what he picked out as important for use in giving a broader audience a glimpse of Pratt. There are stories and adventures retold by Pratt in the play but they are built on a more solid core of expressing Pratt's conversion, testimony of the church, and interactions with Joseph Smith.

This play renewed my hope for coherent means of communicating Mormon historical and doctrine-based themes in the arts without relying on the heavily used emotional or "pop" culture means. My hat is off to Duncan for trying such a play and to Theatre in the Square for trying to add a bit to the theatre offerings in the area.

The performance I went to was not as well attended as it should have been given the number of people in this area that would benefit from and enjoy this performance of substantial Mormon theatre. *Preposterous Parley P!* runs through May 23rd. Contact the box office for further ticket information.

Editor's Choice

Go river-rafting some weekend this summer. Enjoy the water, the canyons, the fun, the sun--but put sun screen on your knees.

Pastry of the week: plain glazed raised. By the dozen.

Album of the week: *The Nylons*, by The Nylons.

Trauma of the week: (tie) being in a car wreck, and waiting for the stereo to get fixed.

Good news: International Cinema is back this summer.

Summer culture shock: putting a bohemian student in a 9 to 5 real job.

Fun things about summer in Provo: no crowds, pool parties, running at midnight, not going to school, shorts, the 48th ward.

Get involved in *Student Review* spring, summer, or fall--call 377-2980. Or come to the meeting this Saturday. You can cut things, write things, draw things, or just rap.



820 N. 700 E.
South of BYU Campus
375-6885

Coupon
10 visits for \$17
offer good with coupon only - good through

GET A PERFECT TAN...
THE COOL WAY!

- Utah's finest and largest Tanning Salon.
- 19 private tanning rooms.
- No appointment necessary.

HOURS:
M-Th 8am.-12pm.
F-S 9am.-10pm.
Sun. 5pm.-10pm.

Backstage

Calendar

June May

| Mon | Tues | Wed | Thur | Fri | Sat |
|--------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| | | 20 9:30-11:30 Howard Headlee | 21 Comedy Night 10:30 - 12:00 Lawrence Hamilton | 22 Live Jazz Steve Sparhawk 10:30 - 1:00 | 23 Live Jazz Mark Chaney Trio 10:00 - 1:15 |
| 12:10 a.m. Late Night | | with David Letterman | 28 John Pack Comedian | 29 Headline Jazz | 30 9:00 Michelle Simas 10:30 - 1:00 Steve Sparhawk |
| 25 9:30 Jazz 10:30 Dating Game | 26 8:00 - 9:00 Moonlighting | 27 8:00 - 10:00 Pianist & Vocalist Michele Simas | | | |
| 12:10 a.m. Late Night | 12:10 a.m. Late Night | with David Letterman | with David Letterman | | |
| 1 Jazz Jam Session | 2 Moonlighting | 3 Late Night Rock | 4 Comedy Night | 5 10:30 - 1:00 Jazz Legend Steve Sparhawk | 6 9:00 - 10:30 Greg Scott |
| 8 Dating Game | 8:00 Bingo | 10 8:30 - 10:00 Michelle Simas | 11 Comedy Night | 12 9:00 - 10:30 Ms. Simas | 13 9:00 - 10:30 Greg Scott |
| Late Night With David Letterman 12:10 a.m. | | | 12:10 a.m. | Breaking Ground Jazz | Fusion |



Provo Town Square
373-Cafe

Elections from the front page

they could also deny him a major stepping stone to future political office.

Their plans to derail Riding's candidacy were tentative until the primary election results were announced. If Gary Riding would have been eliminated then, their efforts would have ended. When the Brockbank/Riding team finished in first place with a substantial margin, Callister and Taggart made the decision to go ahead with their anti-Gary Riding campaign.

During the week before the primaries, the two met with at least two separate focus groups to help them select the information to use against Riding. The groups were comprised of twelve to fifteen students who were asked what they knew about the candidates for ASBYU office, specifically Gary Riding. They were then given information about Riding and his political views, and asked for their reactions. Since Riding had listed "RESPONSE President" as one of his qualifications for office, the group was also asked what it thought about RESPONSE. Callister and Taggart decided what to include on the flyers they were preparing based on these answers.

The flyer questioned Riding's leadership abilities by casting doubt on RESPONSE's activities. Taggart explained that even though Riding was not personally involved in some of the situations mentioned on the flyer, as club president he should be held responsible for the actions of the club.

Before the flyers were made public, information was leaked that an anti-Riding campaign was under way. On the Friday before the flyers were posted, Riding spoke with Callister to find out what was on the flyers. Callister says that Riding feared the flyers would be defamatory and asked that certain things not be included, particularly information about an \$800 sum RESPONSE was accused of spending without approval but which later was accounted for.

Voter interest was low until the flyers sparked interest by providing a controversial issue on which to focus attention.

As President of RESPONSE, Riding claims he had to answer for the past mistakes of club members, and he was especially concerned that he might be blamed for the confusion over the \$800 sum. According to Riding, Callister assured him that the \$800 would not be mentioned, but Callister does not remember making such a promise. (A glance at the flyers shows that the deficit was a major point in Callister's and Taggart's allegations against Riding.)

On Monday, Spencer Dixon, head of this year's Election Committee, received a phone call telling him the flyers were coming out. Since their

group had made the flyers off campus, independent of any campaign, Callister and Taggart were not obligated to follow the same election rules that the candidates did. Dixon could not prohibit the two from distributing the flyers off-campus, but he says he did remind Callister that it was against University policy to distribute the flyers on campus and in the dorms without approval. He also asked Callister not to print any lies about Riding.

When Rob Daines, the other Presidential candidate, found out about the flyers, he wanted to make sure they were not connected with his campaign since he could not legally prevent their distribution. After the election when a girl who had helped pass out flyers told Daines she had worked on his campaign, he emphatically told her that she and the flyers had nothing to do with his campaign.

Callister and Taggart planned to distribute 2000 flyers before elections began on Wednesday. Twelve to fourteen people gathered to post flyers around 1:00 a.m. Monday night, and Tuesday night a slightly larger group went out. Callister had extensively researched ASBYU election voting behavior when he successfully ran for Academics Vice-President the year before and he knew which apartment complexes and dorms housed the most active voters.

Callister and Taggart selected only the passages that acknowledged problems and then used them out of context.

Of the 2000 flyers distributed, Callister estimates that only about 200 were actually read. Around 3:00 a.m., Callister drove by the apartment complexes where they had distributed flyers and saw that many of the flyers had been taken down already.

It appeared that the first flyer was not going to make much of an impact, if any, on the election. In Tuesday's Candidates' Debate, when Gary Riding was asked about the flyer, he jokingly answered, "If that's all they've got on me, I'm as clean as a whistle." Callister and Taggart admit that if it were not for what

happened the next day, the flyers would probably have been forgotten.

The next day was Wednesday, April 1. April Fools Day. In an effort to clarify any misconceptions created by the flyers, *The Daily Universe* carried a front page article about the flyers. Jean Taylor speaking for the administration said that the flyers had been illegally distributed on campus and in the dorms.

Additionally, LizNoel Duncan, current President of RESPONSE, gave explanations for what she claimed were false allegations on the flyer. Duncan felt that the flyers were not only an attack on Gary Riding but also an attack on RESPONSE. Later she said that she provided a clarification because she hoped the flyer would be seen as a product of "persons who feel justified in dragging other people through the mud just for their own satisfaction."

As if the fates had conspired against Gary Riding that April Fools Day, Callister and Taggart thought the *Universe* article may have done more harm than good by turning the election against Riding. Taggart explained that negative campaigning is very effective when most voters know very little about the candidates. As the voter casts his ballot, he looks at the list of candidates and thinks, "Well, I heard something bad about this candidate so I'll vote for the other."

The *Universe* article may have succeeded in giving voters the negative impression of Riding that the flyer had been unable to do. Callister adds that LizNoel Duncan may have thought she was putting the arguments against Riding to rest but that all the publicity from the article made their flyer "the hottest property." The flyer got greater coverage than the (candidates') debate.

Callister and Taggart had not originally planned on making a second flyer but several factors made the creation of a new flyer advantageous. Callister knew from his election research that 60-to-70% of the voting in ASBYU elections is done on the second day. A flyer to capitalize on the publicity of the *Universe* article could be created and distributed in time for the second and last day of voting Thursday. By this time,

see Elections on the back page

Ask About Treasure Island



Branbury Park

Provo's Complete Student Community

- Beautiful Apartments • Exercise Weight Room • Sauna •
- Tanning • Campus Shuttle Bus • Year Round Swimming •
- Spa • Garages • Volleyball • Cable T.V. • Game Room •
- Great Ward • Beach • Aerobics •

Sign up early for Fall/Spring/Summer •

449 West 1720 North, Provo 373-6300

Get the Review all summer long

include \$3.00 for handling and postage

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

What's Happening...

... On Campus ...

...at the Varsity Theatre.

ELWC 378-3311
Space Camp -8:00 p.m. May 15-21
Rocky IV -8:00 p.m. May 22-28
Evil Under the Sun -8:00 p.m. May 29-June 1
Song of the South -8:00 p.m. June 2-4
Poltergeist II -8:00 p.m. June 5-11
Short Circuit -8:00 p.m. June 12-18

...at International Cinema.

The Grand Illusion -8:50 p.m. May 21
(French) -7:00 p.m. May 22
-8:50 p.m. May 23

Metropolis -7:00 p.m. May 21
(Silent) -9:00 p.m. May 22
-7:00 p.m. May 23

Valentina -7:00 p.m. May 28
(Spanish) -8:50 p.m. May 29
w/o subtitles -7:00 p.m. May 30

King of Hearts -8:35 p.m. May 28
(French) -7:00 p.m. May 29
-8:35 p.m. May 30

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

(Silent) -7:00 p.m. June 4
-9:15 p.m. June 5
-7:00 p.m. June 6

Birth of a Nation -8:00 p.m. June 4
(Silent) -7:00 p.m. June 5
-8:00 p.m. June 6

Strange Interlude -7:00 p.m. June 11
(English) -8:30 p.m. June 12
-7:00 p.m. June 13

Kuhle Wampe -9:00 p.m. June 11
(German) -7:00 p.m. June 12
-9:00 p.m. June 13

Les Misérables -7:00 p.m. June 18
(English) -9:10 p.m. June 19
-7:00 p.m. June 20

Drifting Weeds -8:35 p.m. June 18
(Japanese) -7:00 p.m. June 19
-8:35 p.m. June 20

...at the HFAC.

Medal of Honor Rag
-Margaret Arena Theatre
7:30 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday, through May 23

Martha Powley, violin
-Madsen Recital Hall
7:30 p.m. May 21

Elizabeth Klyzzeroff, piano
-Madsen Recital Hall
7:30 p.m. May 26

Donna Zeblosky, piano
-Madsen Recital Hall
7:30 p.m. May 28

Ralph Woodward Choral
-de Jong Concert Hall
7:30 p.m. May 29

...in the Art Galleries.

Working Together: A Utah Portfolio.
Oral History Institute (Photography)
-B. F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC 378-2881.

Von Allen, sculptures

Her sculptures are "personal, anti-reductive statements which amplify my psychological landscapes."
-Gallery 303, HFAC 378-2881.

Artists' Archives: Documenting the Creative Process
-Special Collections, HBL Library through June 30

...upcoming events.

Get tickets now for the Freedom Festival and Fireworks display at the BYU Stadium on the 4th of July. Your favorite and mine, Bob Howe will be there along with the Osmonds and others.
call 378-2981

... In and Around Town ...

On the Stage.

Preposterous Parley P.
-Theater in the Square, Provo Town Square. 375-8020
7:30 p.m. Mon. & Wed-Sat. through May 23.

At the Movies.

For a change go see an unusual or arty flick. If you can't make it all the way up to the Blue Moose or Utah Theater in Salt Lake for this kind of movie, then try one of the "other" movie houses in the area!

Scars, 745 South State St., Orem 225-2560
-plays Disney and other classic wholesome films.

** The Alhambra, 20 South Main, Pleasant Grove 785-0827 **
-A newly refurbished theatre opening in the next few weeks. With a \$12,000 sound system, it will add a new dimension to the dollar movie scene.

Main St. Movie, Spanish Fork 798-9350
-dollar house, all movies all the time.

Villa Theatre, 254 South Main, Springville 489-3088
-dollar house, all movies all the time.

Towne Cinemas, 120 West Main, American Fork 756-3181.
-dollar house, all movies all the time.

Give them a call or see the schedules in the Daily Herald.

(Also Keep your eye on the Fox Theatre marque. They often have some classic cult movies playing at midnight if you need to wake up a boring weekend.)

At Night
Dance at Plastique.

Don't forget about "kicker" night on Thursdays at the P-lace.

Of course Backstage Cafe is always there for your late night entertainment needs.

Visit a Museum

Al Gaudio's Scouting Museum
Extensive display of scouting patches and uniforms from around the world.
-inside Al's Boot and Shoe Repair 131 North University Ave. 375-7236

Tell Qarar: Archaeological Investigations in Syria
-Museum of Peoples and Cultures 378-6112

The Doll Museum
-214 North 100 East, Provo

Go for a Hike

-In an hour or two you can make it up to the "Y". About the same distance beyond is a beautiful meadow and spring. Great for a nap and picnic.

-You can make it to the top of Timpani and back in a day. It is also fun to start by camping the night before at Aspen Grove.

-The nature trail at Sundance has some interesting sights. You can stop along the way and take a shower in Stewart Falls.

Go for a Drive.

-The trip up to Sundance and Aspen Grove has some beautiful views of Timpani. If you've got an extra hour or so go ahead and do the rest of the loop behind the mountain and come out at American Fork.

-Utah Lake is great for watching sunsets. If the smell at the dock bothers you, then try parking (to watch the lake) up on the foothills. The park behind the Mental Hospital has some good views too.

-There are some beautiful views along Hwy 89 towards Price. You can pull off the newly rebuilt road and look down on where the town of Thistle used to be. Note: watch out for bridges.

... In the City ...

At the Movies

Blue Mouse, 260 East 100 South, SLC 364-3471
Pink Floyd: The Wall -5:15, 7:00, & 8:45 p.m. May 18 & 19
Scene of the Crime -5:15, 7:00, & 8:45 p.m. May 20-26
Tango -5:15, 7:15, & 9:30 p.m. May 27-June 2
The Good Father -5:15, 7:00, & 8:45 p.m. June 3-9
Working Girl -5:15, 7:00, & 8:45 p.m. June 10-16
Swimming to Cambodia -5:15, 7:00, & 8:45 p.m. June 17-23
Lord of the Dance -5:15, 7:15, & 9:30 p.m. June 24-28
Destroyer of Illusion -11:30 p.m. every Thursday night
Rocky Horror Picture Show -11:30 p.m. every Fri. & Sat. night

Utah Theater, 148 South Main 328-2618

-Often there are some good international films here.

Hansen Planetarium, SLC 358-2098

-The Cllo's are back! T.V.'s award winning advertisements. Show with star program Galaxies -daily at 4:30 & 7:00 p.m.
-Laser Vision II is shown on the weekends at 8:45 & 10:00 p.m.
-More Laser/Music combos with "Laser Rock" on Friday and "Laser Zappella" on Saturday both at 11:15 p.m.

For Food

The Pie Pizzeria in SLC really does have the best pizza in Utah, and there are few places comparable to its classic college atmosphere.

The Roof at the Hotel Utah is still open, but not for very much longer.

Events

Salt Lake City Fitness Fair with 10km race
-Brigham Young Monument to Liberty Park
call 972-7835

Pioneer Spring Days

-Pioneer Trail State Park
11:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. May 23-25.

1987 Utah Arts Festival

-Triad Center, SLC. June 24-28
If you are interested in helping out they need volunteers. You will get free admission, parking and soda as well as a discount on the festival T-shirt. Give them a call at 322-5912.

Visit the Art Galleries

Asian Art from the collection
-Gallery 3, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. 581-7332 through June 13.

Time and Osmosis: works by Steven Taft
-Salt Lake Public Library (main branch) Atrium Gallery, 209 East 500 South 363-5733 through May 26

Paintings and Drawings by Susan Beck
-Finch Lane Gallery, 54 Finch Lane, 538-2172 through May 29

Pablo Picasso, LeRoy Neiman, Wai Ming and many Utah Artists
-Gallery at Eagle Gate, 60 East South Temple through June

Lost and Found: An Archaeological Composition. created by David Furman and Alex Caldiero
-Salt Lake Art Center, Main and Triangle Galleries, 20 South West Temple 328-4201 through May 25

Recent Paintings by Randi Wagner
-Alliance Gallery, Salt Lake Art Center 20 South West Temple 328-4201 through June 14

Pain and Purification, mixed media drawings by Mark Dorney
-Blue Mouse Art Gallery through May 31

George Mark England
-Blue Mouse Art Gallery month of June

Theater & Performance

Lilacs in the Rain -Hale Center Theater
2801 South Main, SLC 484-9257
8:00 p.m. Mon, Thu, Fri, & Sat. through June 13.

San Juan Outpost -Hale Center Theater
2801 South Main, SLC 484-9257
8:00 p.m. Mon, Thu, Fri, & Sat. June 19-August 8.

Are the Meadowlarks Still Singing? -Hale Center Theater 2801 South Main, SLC 484-9257
7:30 p.m. Sundays, through Eternity.

Poison, Passion, Petrification by *G. B. Shaw and
The Forced Marriage by Moliere
-Lab Theatre, Performing Arts Bldg, U of U. 581-6961
8:00 p.m. May 26, 27, 28, & 29.
5:00 p.m. May 28.

Much Ado About Nothing by William Shakespeare
-Babcock Theatre (lower level of the Pioneer Memorial Theatre), U of U. 581-6961
8:00 p.m. May 27, 28, 29, 30, June 3, 4, 5, & 6.
2:00 p.m. June 6
7:00 p.m. June 7.

Showcase '87: Musical Theatre Benefit Review
-Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U. 581-6961
8:00 p.m. May 27 & 30.

Sugar Plum/Mrs Dally has a Lover
-Brickyard Playhouse, 3200 South 1300 East, SLC 649-6208
8:00 p.m. through May 23

The Brighton Beach Memoirs by Neil Simon
-Salt Lake Acting Company, 363-0525
8:00 p.m. Thu, Fri, & Sat. May 14-31.
7:00 p.m. Sundays.

The Hobbit

Children's Theatre, Brickyard Playhouse, 3200 South 1300 East, SLC 649-6208
1:00 & 4:00 p.m. Saturdays May 23 & 30.

Sleuth

-New Shakespeare Players, Westminster College, 1840 South 1300 East 484-4112.
8:00 p.m. Friday-Sunday May 28-30

Alvin Ailly American Dance Theatre
-Capitol Theatre
8:00 p.m. May 20-21

George M!

-Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, Symphony Hall
7:30 p.m. May 20, 21, 28, & 29.

Music

U of U. Wind Symphony
-Temple Square Concert Series
7:30 p.m. May 22

Ethelyn Peterson, organ
-Temple Square Concert Series
7:30 p.m. May 23

Evening in Vienna, Salt Lake Symphony
-Temple Square Concert Series
7:30 p.m. May 29 & 30.

Utah Symphony, Joseph Silverstein, conductor
-Symphony Hall, 123 West South Temple 533-6407
8:00 p.m. May 22-23

Cleo Lane

-Capitol Theatre, 46 West 200 South, SLC 533-5555
8:00 p.m. May 27.

We Need Competent, Representative Leadership

The Riding Record

- 1985-86 President of the campus liberal group Response
- Response, under Riding's leadership, ran an \$800+ deficit which ASBYU had to pay.
- Response, under Riding's leadership, repeatedly brought unapproved speakers on campus, according to BYU administrators. As a result, speaker approval was made much more stringent for all student organizations.
- Response, under Riding's leadership, ran the extremely expensive, yet poorly attended, Peace and Human Rights symposiums, featuring leftist speakers. Costs for one ran an estimated \$40 per student attending.

Not Gary Riding (ASBYU Vice-Presidential Candidate)

Not authorized by any candidate or campaign

This first flyer appeared just before the elections. Although 2000 were printed and distributed, probably only 200 were read.

Elections from page 14

Callister and Taggart did not want to give the voters additional information. Instead the flyer would reinforce previously held impressions.

The second flyer was made from bits and pieces of Duncan's quotes in the *Universe* article. Duncan thinks she was unfairly misquoted on the flyer. Where she had acknowledged and explained problems, Callister and Taggart selected only the passages that acknowledged problems and then used them out of context. They admit that they purposely did not include Duncan's explanations on their second flyer because it would have "taken away from the rhetorical value."

In response to the charges in the second flyer, Duncan says the \$800 sum should not have been labelled a deficit because the money was spent with the approval of John Fife, 1985-86 Academics Vice-President. In the summer of 1986,

1986 Peace Symposium that took place when Riding was President of RESPONSE brought twenty speakers to campus for far less money than it cost to bring President Ford to campus this year, not including the cost of Ford's private jet, reception and banquet.

Nevertheless, Callister and Taggart praise their second flyer as the better of the two. They wanted to reach the two types of people who see flyers on bulletin boards: the people who glance at the flyer as they walk by, and the people who stop to read the flyer. The second flyer was much more effective at reaching both groups because of its simplicity as compared to the first, which was more detail-oriented and took longer to read.

Election observers admit it is difficult to say with a surety what effect the negative flyers had on the election. When the votes were all tallied, the team of Brockbank/Riding lost the election by the small margin of 106 votes out of over 6,000 cast. With such a close election, one can not help but wonder if the flyers made enough of a difference to swing the election.

Negative campaigning has been known to effect elections in three ways. The first possible effect is that the voters believe the negative publicity and vote against the maligned candidate. The second possibility occurs when the voters perceive the negative claims are seen as being too outrageous and the backlash causes voters to support the maligned candidate. A third reaction is that voters get turned off by the whole election process and do not vote. It is possible that a combination of all three reactions came into play in this year's election.

Whatever the case may be, two election observers, Dave Callister and Steve Taggart, claim their flyers increased voter participation by up to 1500 voters. They justify this claim

by saying that voter interest was low until the flyers sparked interest by providing a controversial issue on which to focus attention.

When asked why they decided to work against a candidate instead of in favor of the other candidates, the two said that Gary Riding's leadership record as President of RESPONSE was a legitimate campaign issue that needed to be addressed.

When asked why they did not investigate the records of any other candidates, they admitted that their whole campaign was ideologically oriented. Because they did not like Gary Riding's politics, they decided to try to keep him out of office. Callister and Taggart said that if Riding had shared their political orientation, they would not have organized against him.

The anti-Gary Riding campaign introduced an ethically questionable element to the BYU political scene. The negative campaigning this year could be compared to the Salem witch trials or to McCarthyism. The accused was considered guilty until he proved himself innocent. Yet, in Riding's case, when an explanation was given for the allegations, Callister and Taggart disregarded it because it would have limited the "rhetorical effectiveness" of their flyers.

Bruce Andrew, a student who helped make the second flyer, said he felt justified in his actions until he talked with Gary Riding. Andrew was acquainted with Riding and his sister and when he saw how the flyers had hurt them, he was less sure that he had done the right thing. Even now Andrew feels torn by the conflict between his political convictions and his personal feelings toward the Ridings.

Gary Riding cannot say with certainty that the flyer contributed to his defeat, but he will say that it did do much to dampen his morale as well as the morale of his campaign workers. Riding has discussed with a lawyer the possibility of a libel suit against the originators of the flyers, not for his own sake but only to keep anyone else from going through the same hell he went through.

Riding said the entire incident helped him gain a better understanding of certain principles of the gospel. After the election results were announced, Gary Riding went to Dave Callister and told him there were no hard feelings. Riding later told the Review that even though he sincerely forgives Dave Callister for what he did, Riding still thinks Callister's and Taggart's actions were wrong.

At this time, Riding is not sure if he will get involved with ASBYU next year. He turned down the offer to work as Leadership Development Director with Tami Quick on campus. He plans to prepare for the LSAT and GMAT, finish his Honors Thesis, and graduate next year.

In accordance with the election advertisements, Riding feels strongly that one man can make a difference. He thinks Dave Callister made a difference in this year's election, but he also thinks he made a difference with his candidacy. Riding believes we all have a responsibility to make a difference in this world, through our professions or whatever we do. Regardless of the effectiveness of negative tactics, Riding maintains that one can make the greatest difference with virtue and integrity.

James fell in rafting this weekend. But his glasses stayed on.

What are the Facts?

Current Response President Liz Noel Duncan admitted to the Daily Universe that former Response President

Gary Riding...

(ASBYU Executive Vice Presidential Candidate)

- ① **did** run an \$800 deficit
- ② **did** bring leftist speakers on campus
- ③ **did** incur very high costs with symposiums

"If that's all they've got on me, I'm as clean as a whistle."

—Gary Riding
ASBYU candidate debate
March 31, 1987

Not sponsored by any candidate or campaign

The negative campaigning this year could be compared to the Salem witch trials or to McCarthyism.

confusion over the sum arose when Fife left office before communicating his approval of the expenditure to his faculty adviser, Jean Taylor. When Fife later confirmed that he had approved the sum, an \$800 check was given to RESPONSE.

Duncan adds that RESPONSE does bring liberal speakers to campus, but that it also brings conservatives and moderates to speak so that students "can hear as many sides of an issue as possible."

As for the cost of symposia, Duncan says that RESPONSE tries to spend its money as efficiently as possible. She points out that the

The second flyer appeared on April Fool's Day. Callister and Taggart believe this flyer to be the better of the two.